

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

WEEKLY



MUSEUM,

AND

PHILADELPHIA REPORTER.

Devoted to Literature, Piety, Morals, Arts, Domestic Economy, Humor, Pathos, Criticism, Poetry, News, &c.

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THE SEDUCER.

“Walk in, walk in, sir,” exclaimed the venerable Mr. Ellington, to a young man who stood at his gate, and who, from the disorder of his dress and the discomposure of his aspect, appeared to have suffered much from the fatigues of the day. Pleased with the frank and cordial invitation of the old gentleman, the stranger unhesitatingly accepted it, and without further conversation entered the house.

Mr. Ellington was a man who had risen from a state of poverty to the enjoyment of a comfortable independence and respectable rank in society.—Honesty had ever been the rule of his actions, accompanied by industry; he had therefore, by these means, succeeded in laying up a sufficiency to enable him to pass the evening of his days in peace and plenty, and to leave at his death a handsome fortune to his child, the lovely Emily, who at once was the pride of his aged heart and the endeared object of his mother's future hopes. Mr. Ellington, however, had not passed his days without having drank deep of the cup of misfortune. Early in life he had married Maria Mowbray, a young lady to whom he had been long and ardently attached. Heaven soon crowned their union with a

lovely boy, the pledge of their matured affections. He grew in strength and beauty, and gave bright promises of future excellence; but ere his infant lips had learned to lisp the name of mother, Providence, in the unerring wisdom of its ways, snatched him from them. It was early on a lovely morning, in the month of June, when the nurse to whose care little George was confided, having wandered farther from the house of Mr. Ellington than was her usual custom, at length seated herself on the banks of a little stream that flowed swiftly by, and pursued its meandering course, with additional rapidity, for many miles below.—Tempted by the delicious appearance of some wild fruit that grew spontaneously at a short distance from her, the nurse, unmindful of her charge, left him to procure it. The child, feeling himself at liberty, soon by its infantile exertions, precipitated itself o'er the margin of the stream, and in an instant, by its rapid wave, was borne around a projecting edge of woods that completely hid him from the view of his heedless attendant. To endeavour to paint her astonishment, terror and distress, would be a needless attempt; no wood or bush was left unexplored by the despairing nurse, and it was not until the servants of Mr. Ellington found her, faint and exhausted, beside the stream that had proved the source of her misfortunes, that she could summon a sufficiency of fortitude to disclose the heart-rending tidings. No words could sufficiently express the anguish of the father, the distress of the mother, at the com-

munication of this dreadful intelligence.—Every exertion was used, though ineffectually, to discover the fate of their beloved child, and nought remained to console them but the hope that arose from the uncertainty of it. Years rolled on, and heaven, to compensate them for their loss, blessed them with a daughter—a daughter in whom every beauty, every virtue, was centered; but still the sad remembrance of the fate of their first-born, tinged with melancholy their brightest hours, and gave a sombre hue to all their enjoyments.

Two and twenty years had now elapsed since the distressing occurrence. But to return to the stranger.

Arthur Evelyn (his name) charmed with the cordiality of the old man's invitation, without hesitation entered his mansion; before him was placed in profuse plenteousness the choicest fruit of the season, whilst the lovely smiles of the blushing Emily gave a peculiar zest to the feast. Evelyn saw and admired; he admired and determined to enjoy. He was one of those

“Who could smile, and smile,
And murder while he smil'd.”

Though possessing a heart black as Erebus, he could not for the moment suppress those sentiments which virtue, in the garb of benevolence, ever inspires. But the effect was transitory. Like the morning mists before the rising sun, it vanished, and left all within dark and designing. With a smile such as innocence might wear, he turned to his hospitable host, and communicated a fictitious tale of his misfortunes. He informed him, that, left at an early age heir to large estates and rich possessions, he had been carefully reared and educated in the expectations of enjoying them; but by the death of his guardian and the perfidy of his heirs, he had been robbed of his right, and turned a pennyless wanderer on the world. Such was the insinuating effect with which the stranger delivered this account of his misfortunes, that it found way instantly to the hearts of his hearers; and whilst the tear of sympathy trembled in the beauteous eyes of Emily, the generous heart of her father determined to relieve the sorrows of his unfortunate guest. Evelyn's statement, as far as related to the fortune left him, was strictly correct; but equally true was it, that he had squandered it away in the pursuit of those abandoned and licentious pleasures which the votaries of libertin-

ism and dissipation ever pursue with avidity. The clock now striking a late hour, reminded them of retiring to rest. The lovely Emily sought her pillow with a new and unknown emotion fluttering at her breast; the handsome form of the interesting stranger pursued her in dreams, and she awoke at early dawn with hope and pleasure smiling in her countenance. Mr. Ellington, in accordance with the generous intentions that filled his breast the evening before, now sought the stranger, and with a smile of benevolence playing round his lips, offered him a home in his house as long as he thought proper to make use of it. Evelyn, apparently with the most heartfelt gratitude, thankfully accepted the offer of his venerable host. At the breakfast table, in a tone calculated to soothe the feelings of the stranger, Mr. Ellington informed his wife and daughter of his intended residence with them. The matron, with a placid smile received the intelligence, expressing the happiness it afforded her. But Evelyn perceived, in the flush of joy that beamed from the eyes of the lovely Emily, more than she herself knew, or knowing, would herself have willingly acknowledged. From that moment were his dark determinations fixed; the enjoyment of her charms, freed from the shackles of matrimony, was his object; and to attain this end, he resolved to assume that course of conduct toward each party as would have the greatest tendency to deceive them into a good opinion of himself. For this purpose, to the father of Emily he appeared the most candid, the most honorable of men; whilst in Mrs. Ellington, his respectful and attentive conduct had evinced an almost maternal partiality. To Emily he seemed timid and reserved; but oft would she encounter his dark eye, gazing with the most impetuous ardor o'er every lineament of her countenance, and when accidentally he has held her hand within his own, she has felt the vibration that appeared to agitate its every fibre; nor could her own bosom suppress the responsive glow, the sympathetic contact created—in short, Emily loved! The invidious Evelyn had neglected no opportunity or means of engrossing her affections: the poison of love had become the boisterous inmate of her bosom, so late the abode of innocence and tranquillity. Infatuated with his charms, in an evil hour the too tender Emily yielded up her honor and her happiness; whilst Evelyn, unmindful of the ties of gratitude or hu-

manity, sacrificed them both to the gratification of his own brutal passions.

—Time rolled on with rapid wing, but found no alteration in the criminality of their conduct, till at length Mr. Ellington, having some business to transact in a distant part of the country, requested Evelyn to superintend its settlement. For that purpose he had been absent for some time, when Emily, oppressed by shame and repentance, acknowledged her guilt to her parents. To express the feelings of the venerable authors of her being would be a task of impossibility; none but a parent can form an idea of them. One child beneath a watery billow, the other dishonored! and, she, too, who had been the object of their most anxious tenderness and solicitude, the only source of their future joys and expectations. To behold that column of beauty and innocence, whose superstructure for years had employed their every thought and exertion, moulder into dust, and beneath the hands of him whom their benevolence had cherished, was a thought too replete with anguish to be endured.—Big emotions of revenge and insulted dignity swelled the breast of the venerable old man, but age and infirmity precluded the possibility of their accomplishment—A few days transpired, and Evelyn returned; unconscious of the storm that awaited him, he entered the house with a specious smile of gratulation glowing in his countenance. But scarce had he crossed the threshold, when the mother of Emily, with rage too powerful to be governed, darted upon him, and seizing him by the throat, exclaimed in a voice that sounded like the knell of death to his guilty soul—"give me back, thou monster of ingratitude, the innocence of my child." Evelyn, conscious-struck for a moment, stood passive beneath the strong grasp of indignant virtue—but finding that all was discovered, he became desperate from the circumstance, and determined to escape; but in endeavoring to extricate himself, the button of his collar accidentally gave way, and discovered his naked breast. Scarce had the eyes of Mrs. Ellington for an instant fixed their horror-struck gaze on the mark of a large mulberry that stood conspicuous on its front, than with a cry of heart-writhing anguish she exclaimed—"Oh God! thy ways are just, holy and inscrutable; but why, O Lord, load thy servant with such complicated misery? Emily, behold in the destroyer of thy virgin innocence, your only brother!" Eve-

lyn heard the words of his mother, and with a cry of unutterable horror, rushed from the house—nor did the receding senses of Emily fail to receive the full meaning of her mother's exclamation; but the blow was too mighty, the shock too great for human reason to sustain; she sunk beneath the effort: madness in its most deplorable state was the consequence, and the future home of the unfortunate Emily was the maniac's asylum.

A few more days of misery rolled on at the mansion of Mr. Ellington, when intelligence was brought him that the body of Evelyn was found suspended from a tree, at a short distance from his habitation. The bearer of this information also produced a packet found in the pocket of the deceased, addressed to Mr. Ellington, in which, after many sincere protestations of sincere repentance for the turpitude of his conduct, he proceeded to inform him that, snatched at an early age from a watery grave by some gentlemen who accidentally happened to be on a fishing party, he had been reared a foundling by one of them, a bachelor of large fortune, but licentious habits; that insensibly actuated by the examples daily afforded him, he had been led into the same courses of dissipation and vice; that at the death of his benefactor he became heir to his wealth, which was only desirable in his eyes, as it gave him the means of affording full scope to the gratification of his profligate propensities; at length, by a series of dissipated and abandoned conduct, having expended his fortune, he found himself a beggar, despised by the friends who had formerly courted his smiles, and justly abhorred by every good and moral man. Driven almost to despair by the neglect and detestation of all ranks of society, he fled the place that had witnessed his enormity. For that purpose he set out on foot, and it was late in the evening of the sixth day, when passing near the mansion of Mr. Ellington, fatigue induced him to stop to procure some refreshment. Mr. Ellington's reception, and the consequences attending it, are well known to the reader.

Little more remains to be communicated, except that the body of Arthur Evelyn, or rather, of George Ellington, unsanctified with holy rites of burial, was privately interred at the nearest cross roads—Emily, blest with insanity, ended her days in a mad-house. The hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Ellington, torn and lacerated by

the weight of their misfortunes, soon bent beneath the stroke of death. One grave received the hapless pair—one sod greened the last home of the unfortunate parents of George and Emily Ellington. (*Baltimore Weekly Magazine.*) OSMA.

PHILADELPHIA:

MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1818.

MARRIED, by the rev. Dr. Janeway, on last Tuesday evening, *Mr. Joseph B. Lapsley*, merchant, to *Miss Sarah F. Carson*, daughter of the late Dr. Carson, all of this city.

Mr. C. N. Buck of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the imperial city of Hamburg, to be its consul-general in the U. S. and he has been recognised as such by the President.

Shellcastle light-house at Ocracock, N. C. was struck by lightning Tuesday week, and burned to the ground, together with the keeper's dwelling-house.

Mr. Joseph Lancaster, the celebrated inventor of, what is termed, the 'Lancasterian System,' has arrived in New York. This system, which, by those who professed to teach it here at a *low rate*; Mr. L. proposes to explain, by lectures and drawings, in New York, &c. at the *low price* of *fifty cents* per lecture—children, half price! Mr. Philipps and other *charitable* exotics charged one hundred cents for all sized visitors, and Mr. Lancaster would find it more advantageous to adopt the same *system*?

A Mr. Jones, living on Long-island, planted 8 acres this season, entirely with musk-melons, from which he raised 48,000, which were calculated to bring 10 cents each; and that after deducting all expenses, they would produce a profit of \$2,400.

The ship *Ceres*, capt. Mix, has arrived at New York, from Havre, with 80,000 dollars specie.

By late arrivals from Europe a variety of intelligence has been received. The expected decease of the queen of England has excited great interest, and an immediate convocation of the new Parliament was expected. In Manchester and other manufacturing towns, serious riots have taken place. The workmen have left their employers, demanding an advance of wages, which was refused. In consequence, tumult ensued, and the military were ordered out to suppress the rioters and protect the manufacturing establishments.

A conspiracy, in which many influential ultra royalists were implicated, has been detected in Paris, and the principals arrested.

The Halifax Royal Gazette of the 19th ult. remarks, that "several American vessels with full cargoes, we are happy to state, arrived here on Sunday last, under the Free-port Act, from the U. States.

HUMOROUS.

Jemsheed, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some, which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; they were placed in his room. It happened that one of his ladies was affected with nervous head-aches; the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with *poison* written on it, she took it and swallowed the contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell down into a sound sleep, awoke much refreshed and delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose often, and the monarch's *poison* was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed and all his court drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Zehere-Kooshon, the *delightful poison*.

A serious affair lately occurred at a small church in Wales. The pastor having a tame goat which followed him to church and sat under the pulpit, the animal was so struck with the nodding of a drowsy Cambrian who sat opposite to him, that, taking the frequent inclinations of his head for a challenge to combat, he made a butt at his supposed antagonist, who, not observing whence the blow proceeded, struck the person who sat next him, and laid him flat upon the church floor.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR PHILADELPHIA BEAUX.—The London *Dandies* are bringing again into fashion *feather-bed neck-cloths* and *pillory capes* and none of the "dear delightful creatures" can be seen out without stays, pinching the waist so tightly, that the unhappy wearer resembles an hour glass in shape. Great coats, with a waist *an inch and a half long*, are all the go; and the shirt collars are long enough to go twice round the throat. In short, nothing can be too stiff at present; and every *Lad* that goes into the world, must have his neck tied up almost as tight as some *Lads* that go out of it.

THE THEATRE — No. I.

*"See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors and clouds and storms."*

The question concerning the effects of theatrical entertainments upon the public mind, has been very often agitated. As the season for this species of pleasure is approaching, and many hearts beating with delight at the prospect of seeing new faces, and in imagination are already weeping at 'virgin tragedies,' or laughing at the wit of some comic 'orphan muse,'—it may be useful to indulge in a few reflections upon the subject. There are persons who consider the Theatre as 'a school for morals,'—others call it 'the devil's device to cheat mankind.' The arguments of the latter are, that the mind of a youth is corrupted by the licentious expressions used on the stage. The general subjects of plays, are the triumph of disobedient, dashing youth, over sedate old age. Parents are represented as tyrants, whose study is to deprive their children of those pleasures they can no longer enjoy themselves. The sole attainments held forth as the proper objects of youth, are wealth, beauty, and a name of gallantry—that species which disdains manual labor, despises honest industry, tramples on poverty, and pushes a man into duelling for the veriest trifle. Lovers are represented as miserable, to engage the sympathies of the audience, and sudden and unexpected wealth is thrown into their laps by Fortune, as the only means of happiness. Religion is despised, as unworthy a fine fellow, and its worshippers sneered at and mocked. When the feelings of a young lady are warmed by the lascivious hints and innuendoes of some libertine on the stage, as if the devil was determined upon her ruin, the shocking indecencies and indelicate familiarities of the depraved females in the upper boxes, carry on the destruction of modesty in her mind which the author has begun.

But these opponents of the Drama reason unfairly. If the writer represents human nature, should he pick out its virtues and hide the vices which tarnish its lustre? Must he raise in the minds of his audience such a high opinion of a worthy member of society, that a child will learn to despise the character of his friends which upon comparison with those represented on the stage, would not seem virtuous? With the inconsistency of one who labors to support a bad cause—the enemies of actors and theatres rail against the licentiousness of the scenes they exhibit, and in their zeal overturn their own argument by accusing the poets of representing human nature too perfect. It

is true, that in novels and plays there are few of the common characters of life, those distinguished by no uncommon merit or fault, which neither add to the pleasures nor increase the miseries of society. Who would visit the Theatre, if it was not to see some treat of human nature exhibited? It is the selection of persons of remarkable dispositions, possessed with great passions, endowed with qualities which almost entitle them to rank with angels, or debased by vices which sink them beneath the level of brutes, that attracts such numbers to the place where these peculiarities are shown. What delight does the auditor experience, when he can sit securely in his box and behold the dark passions work in a villain's breast—trace him thro the maze of his iniquities, and behold his evil designs overthrown by the protection which Providence gives to virtue? The exhibition of vice in its naked deformity, is so disgusting that the sight of it creates in the beholder a love for virtue.

The theatre is a little world where we are taken into battles and conflicts without danger of wounds; we visit the palace of royalty without feeling awed in the presence of monarchs; and descend into the haunts of vice, and caverns of assassins, fearless of their daggers.

In my next Number, I shall endeavor to point out some more advantages of the public Stage.

N. T. *Columbian.*

SPECTATOR.

[We cannot permit the following beautiful morceau to pass our notice, without especially recommending it to the attention of our readers.—Ed.]

ELEGIAC LINES ON THE DEATH OF
A BELOVED WIFE.

Whoe'er like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour these salutary springs in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the short'ning breath;
If chance should bring him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;
Framed every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love:
But yet remembering that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber—not to die—
The starting tear I checkt....I kist the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her—but to God. P.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Politics aside, our literary productions have been underrated by the critics of Europe. In the political department, we have produced some of the first specimens of composition, both in style and matter. We challenge the European politician to show us one piece that is superior to the Declaration of Independence, the Farewell Address of Washington, or the Inaugural Speech of Jefferson. We challenge him to produce finer specimens of composition than many of the state papers of the old congress. We have just published the diplomatic correspondence and other papers of our government, from the administration of Washington down to that of Madison, in ten octavo volumes; and we defy the statesmen of the old world to show us a more masterly series of state papers, proceeding from any of their courts. In the negotiations at Ghent, the British commissioners had the advantage of consulting their ministers, who unquestionably dictated many of their letters: but what American can read the correspondence without being struck with the superiority which distinguishes his countrymen? Sir James M'Intosh, who is writing a history of British affairs from the commencement of the American to that of the French revolution, has turned his attention to the state papers of the old congress, which he has pronounced superior to any he has ever perused. *He* has done us justice; tho so many others have been so far blinded by envy or prejudice, as to deny us the merit to which we are entitled.

The Edinburgh Review has on this subject departed from its usual liberality! It declares that

"Federal America has done nothing either to extend, diversify, or embellish the sphere of human knowledge. Tho all she has written were obliterated from the records of learning, there would, if we except the works of Franklin, be no positive diminution either of the useful or agreeable. The destruction of her whole literature would not occasion so much regret as we feel for the loss of a few leaves from an ancient classic."

No sentiment, we have ever read, is more illiberal than this sweeping denunciation, provided the reviewer has seen ALL, or the greater part, of what we have done in the literary way. It is this ignorance, however, that in part accounts for the illiberality. We are pleased therefore to see the means that are now taken to extend the circulation of American works, by establishing a regular correspondence and factors in London. The London Monthly Magazine of last June informs us, that 'Mr. Souter, agent for American literature in London, has published a catalogue of 300 modern books, which he has on sale, besides 22 periodi-

cal works. English literature is evidently the basis of these publications; but many of them possess claims to attention in England, from the striking originality of their matter or manner.' We presume that English literature is meant to be the basis of our publications in the same sense in which another Englishman recently asserted that the English blood was the basis of Franklin's greatness. We are pleased to learn, however, that we have something valuable of our own—some 'striking originality of matter and manner.' It is to be hoped that our own genius, or the temper of our critics, or both, will improve as we go on.

Rich. Com.

DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

"Let him who has never in his life done wrong be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable; but let such as are conscious of frailties and crimes, consider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others."—Blair.

It is a circumstance equally surprising and painful, that a virtue recompensed by so many agreeable feelings, as to render its reward certain, even in the present state of being, should be so little practised.

The pain which a mind of real sensibility must ever experience from the indulgence of resentment, would undoubtedly dictate an opposite conduct, were it not for a kind of false pride, erroneously termed proper spirit, which often prevents the individual having been, or having supposed himself injured, from discovering any signs of forgiveness even long after every feeling of enmity subsided. But if on the score of present comfort, the implacability we often meet with, is astonishing, how much more so does it appear when we remember how positively and forcibly the duty of forgiveness is enjoined upon us by HIM who took upon himself the sins of the world? How can we expect mercy at the awful tribunal of the omnipotent Judge of heaven and earth, whose righteous law we may daily, nay, hourly transgress, yet deny it ourselves to our erring fellow creatures?

May those on whom devolve the all-important charge of rearing souls for immortality, early impress upon their youthful and susceptible minds this pleasing and too much neglected duty—teach them to consider themselves as much bound to forgive those by whom they have been injured, as to abstain themselves from the commission of sin. So will they acquire feelings of universal philanthropy—their happiness in this life will be greatly augmented—and they will be prepared for the society of 'the just made perfect.'

E.

Village Record.

WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL, LOVE.

Wilt thou say, farewell, love,
And from Rosa part?
Rosa's tears will tell, love,
The anguish of her heart!
I'll still be thine and thou'lt be mine,
I'll love thee tho we sever;
Oh! say can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? no never!

Wilt thou think of me, love,
When thou'rt far away:
Oh! I'll think of thee, love,
Never, never stray.
I'll still be thine, &c.

Let not others wiles, love,
Thy ardent heart betray;
Remember Rosa's smile, love.
Rosa far away.
I'll still be thine, &c.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly,
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky:
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye,
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port!

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and sighing, say,
Thus, my boy! thus!

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n sails waft
Our stately ship, through waves and air;
Oh! then, I think, that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze may waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so!

THE DEITCHMAN.

Of all that strive to live and thrive,
And by cunning to over-reach man;
Whether trade been dead, or trade been alive,
De best trade of all is de Deitchman.
Vorld he fish vat he can get,
But all bring fish in de Deitchman's net;
Ik ben liderlick, du bist liderlick,
Al ben liderlick a leiten.

Mynheer can drink for dronk by chance,
Mynheer by chance can caper;
But ik never let mine frow go dance,
Till somebody pay de piper:
And if myn croopen holt his hond,
I smoke mine pipe, and I neit for stond;
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,
And cheaten de ein and de oder;
We cheaten de Jew de better as dat,
We cheaten one either 'nother;
At Amsterdam, when we come dere,
We shall cheaten de divil, and dat's all fair:
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

De strange man comes for de fish dat's nice,
And looks as sharp as donder;
Ik praise mine goods, and Ik take mine price,
And sell him stinking flounder:
Den he cry tief man, Ik say yaw!
Mit mine hond to mine gelt, yust so com ca!
Ik ben liderlick, &c.

SWEET KITTY OF THE CLYDE.

A boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,
When winds were rudely blowing,
There sat what might a goddess seem,
I' the waves beneath her flowing,
But nae, a mortal fair was she,
Surpassing all beside,
And youth all speer'd their choice to be
Sweet Kitty of the Clyde, &c.

I saw the boatman set a sail,
And while his daftness noting,
The boat was upset by the gale,
I saw sweet Kitty floating;

I plung'd into the silver wave,
 Wi' Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart well lost to save
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde, &c.

But Kitty's, ah! a high born fair,
 A lowly name I carry;
 Nor can wi' lordly thanes compare,
 Who woo the maid to marry;
 But she nae scornful looks on me,
 And joy may yet betide:
 For hope dares flatter, mine may be
 Sweet Kitty of the Clyde, &c.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
 Though rude the soil and chill the air;
 Well then may Erin's sons adore
 The Isle that nature form'd so fair.
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
 As glorious Boyne or past'ral Ban?
 And who a friend or foe can meet
 So gen'rous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
 But principle is still his guide;
 None more repents a deed of harm,
 And none forgives with nobler pride.
 He may be dup'd, but wont be dar'd,
 Fitter to practise than to plan;
 He nobly earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange and poor for you he'll pay,
 And guide you where you safe may be;
 Are you his comrade—while you stay,
 His cottage holds a Jubilee:
 His inmost soul he will display,
 And if he may, your merits scan;
 Your confidence he'll ne'er betray,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound, in woe or weal,
 Whate'er it bids he dares to do;
 Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,
 Try him in fire, and find him true:
 He seeks not safety, let his post,
 Be where it may—in danger's van;
 And if the field of fame be lost,
 'Twill not be by an Irishman.

in lov'd land! from age to age,
 May you become more fam'd, more free;
 May peace be yours, but if you wage
 Defensive war—cheap victory!

May plenty bloom in every field,
 Your healthful breezes gently fan,
 And pleasure's smiles serenely gild
 The breast of every Irishman.

THE BOLD DRAGOON.

There was an ancient fair, O she lov'd a nate
 young man,
 And she could not throw sly looks at him but
 only thro her fan,
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle;
 O she lov'd a bold Dragoon, with his long
 sword, saddle, bridle,
 Whack! row de dow dow.

She had a rolling eye, its fellow it had none,
 Would you know the reason why, it was be-
 cause she had but one;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx
 She couldn't keep her one eye idle;
 O she leer'd at this Dragoon with his &c.

Now he was tall and slim, she squab and short
 was grown,
 He look'd just like a mile in length, and she
 like a mile-stone;
 With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,
 Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle;
 O she sigh'd to this Dragoon, ' Bless your &c.

Soon he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs.
 Flinn,
 Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her
 lovely nose and chin;
 O then such winks in marriage links,
 The four foot bride from church did sidle,
 As the wife of this Dragoon, with his &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd, when he laid
 her under ground,
 Soon he threw the onion from his eyes, and
 touch'd ten thousand pounds;
 For her winks and blinks, her money chinks,
 He does not let her cash lie idle,
 So long life to this Dragoon, with his &c.

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